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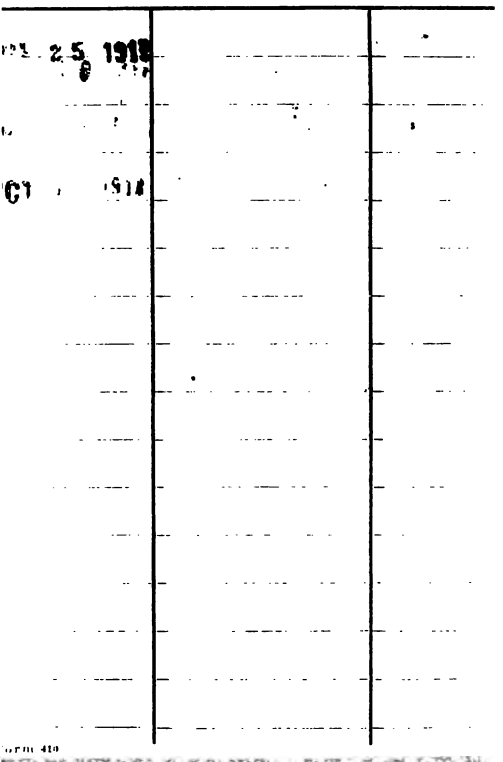

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POPE.

AN ESSAY ON MAN

IN FOUR

EPISTLES

TO WHICH IS ADDED

THE

UNIVERSAL PRAYER

BY

ALEXANDER POPE ESQ.

PUBLISHED BY H. BENTON

HARTFORD CON.

1825

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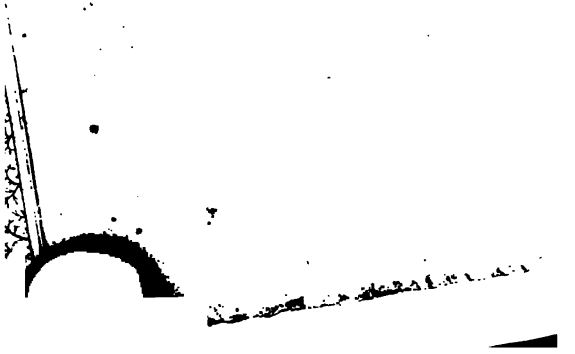

AN

ESSAY ON MAN;

IN

FOUR EPISTLES

TO

H. St. JOHN, Lord Bolingbroke.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

The Universal Prayer.

By ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

HARTFORD:

PUBLISHED BY HENRY BENTON.

1824.

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THE DESIGN.

HAVING proposed to write some pieces on human life and manners, 'such as (to use my Lord Bacon's expression) come home to men's business and bosoms,' I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering Man in the abstract, his nature and his state; since, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what condition and relation it is placed in, and what is the proper end and purpose of its being.

The science of human nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a few clear points: There are not many certain truths in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the mind, as in that of the body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformation and uses of which will for ever escape our observation. The disputes are all upon these last; and I will venture to say, they have less advanced the wits than the hearts of men against each other, and have diminished the practice, more than advanced the theory, of morality. If I could flatter myself that this Essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintelligible, and

retained by him afterward. The obs
but it is true; I found I could express
this way than in prose itself! and noth
than that much of the force, as well as
or instructions, depends on their concis
to treat this part of my subject more
becoming dry and tedious; or more
sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, w
from the precision, or breaking the ch
any man can unite all these without
of them, I freely confess he will comp
my capacity.

What is now published, is only to
general map of Man, marking out
greater parts, their extent, their limits,
ion; but leaving the particular to be mo
in the charts which are to follow. C
Epistles in their [illegible]

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE I.

Of the Nature and State of Man, with respect to the Universe.

OF Man in the abstract.—1. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the *relations* of systems and things, *ver.* 17, &c. II. That man is not to be deemed *imperfect*, but a being suited to his *place* and *rank* in the creation, agreeable to the *general order* of things, and conformable to *ends* and *relations* to him unknown, *ver.* 35, &c. III. That it is partly upon his *ignorance* of *future* events, and partly upon the *hope* of a *future* state, that all his happiness in the present depends, *ver.* 77, &c. IV. The *pride* of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of man's error and misery. The *impiety* of putting himself in the place of *God*, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of his dispensations, *ver.* 109, &c. V. The *absurdity* of conceiting himself the *final cause* of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the *moral* world which is not in the *natural*, *ver.* 131, &c. VI. The *unreasonableness* of his complaints against Providence, while on the one hand he demands the perfections of the angels, and on the other, the bodily qualifications of the brutes; though, to possess any of the *sensitive faculties* in a higher degree, would render him miserable, *ver.* 173, &c. VII. That throughout the whole visible world, an universal *order* and *gradation* in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a *subordination* of creature to creature, and of all creatures to man. The gradations of *sense*, *instinct*, *thought*, *reflection*, *reason*; that reason alone countervails all the other faculties, *ver.* 207.

VIII. How much farther this *order* and *subordinat* living creatures may extend, above and below us; any part of which broken, not that part only, bu whole connected *creation*, must be destroyed, *ver.* 233 The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a d *ver.* 250. X. The consequence of all the *absolut mission*, due to providence, both as to our *preser future* state, *ver.* 281, &c. to the end.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE II.

Of the Nature and State of Man, with respect to him an Individual.

I. The business of man not to pry into *God*, b study *himself*. His *middle nature*; his *powers* and *fra ver.* 1 *to* 19. The *limits* of his *capacity*, *ver.* 19, II. The two principles of man, *self-love* and *reason*, bot cessary, *ver.* 53, &c. *Self-love* the *stronger*, and why 67. &c. Their *end* the same, *ver.* 81. &c. III. The sions, and their use, *ver.* 93 *to* 130. The *predominan sion*, and its *force*, *ver.* 132 *to* 160. Its *necessity*, in d ing men to different purposes, *ver.* 165, &c. Its *provid use*; in fixing our *principle* and ascertaining our v *ver.* 177. IV. *Virtue* and *vice* joined in our *mixed na* the limits *near*, yet the things *separate* and *evident*. is the office of *reason*, *ver.* 202 *to* 216. V. How o *vice* in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into i 217. VI. That, however, the *ends* of *Providence general good* are answered in our *passions* and *imp*

tions, *ver.* 238, &c. How usefully these are distributed to all *orders* of *men*, *ver.* 241. How useful they are to *society*, *ver.* 251. And to *individuals*, *ver.* 263. In every *state*, and every *age* of life, *ver.* 273, &c.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE III.

Of the Nature and State of Man, with respect to Society.

I. The *whole Universe* one system of *society*, *ver.* 7, &c. Nothing made wholly for *itself*, nor yet wholly for another, *ver.* 27. The happiness of animals *mutual*, *ver.* 49. II. *Reason* or *instinct* operates alike to the good of each *individual*, *ver.* 79. *Reason* or *instinct* operates also to *society*, in all animals, *ver.* 109. III. How far *society* is carried by instinct, *ver.* 115. How much farther by reason, *ver.* 128. IV. Of that which is called the *state of nature*, *ver.* 144. Reason instructed by instinct in the invention of *arts*, *ver.* 166, and in the *forms of society*, *ver.* 176. V. Origin of *political societies*, *ver.* 190. Origin of *monarchy*, *ver.* 207. *Patriarchal government*, *ver.* 212 VI. Origin of *true religion* and *government*, from the same principle of *love*, *ver.* 231, &c. Origin of *superstition* and *tyranny*, from the same principle of *fear*, *ver.* 237. &c. The influence of *self-love* operating to the *social* and *public good*, *ver.* 266. Restoration of true religion and government on their first principle, *ver.* 285. *Mixt government*, *ver.* 288. Various *forms* of each, and the *true end of all*, *ver.* 300, &c.

POPE.

AN

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AN

Essay on Man.

EPISTLE I.

AWAKE! my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings.
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot,
Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man.

I. Say first, of God above, or man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?
Of man what see we, but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?

Through worlds unnumber'd, though the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What varied being peoples every star,
May tell, why Heaven has made us as we are.
But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
The strong connexions, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Look'd through? Or, can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?
II. Presumptuous man! the reason wouldst thou find,
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less!
Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade?
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove?
Of systems possible, if 'tis confest
That wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where all must full or not coherent be,
And all that rises, rise in due degree;
Then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man;
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?

Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
In God's, one single can its end produce,
Yet serves to second too some other use.
So man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.

When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god;
Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's use and end;
Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not, man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault;
Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought;
His knowledge measur'd to his state and place,
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter soon or late, or here or there?
The blest to-day, is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago.

III. Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know;
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,

Had he thy reason would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
O blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n;
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar:
Wait the great teacher, death, and God adore!
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest.
The soul uneasy, and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n;
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold!
To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wings, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense
Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much;
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust;
Yet cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjust;
If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there;
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the god of God!
In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel;
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of order, sins against th' Eternal Cause.

V. Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "Tis for mine
"For me kind Nature wakes her genial power,
"Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower;
"Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew
"The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
"For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
"For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;
"Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
"My footstool earth, my canopy the skies."
But errs not nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests swee

Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
"No ('tis reply'd) the first Almighty Cause
"Acts not by partial, but by general laws;
"Th' exceptions few; some change since all began
"And what created perfect?" Why then man?
If the great end be human happiness,
Then nature deviates: and can man do less?
As much that end a constant course requires
Of showers and sunshine, as of man's desires;
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design,
Why then a Borgia or a Catiline?
Who knows but he, whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old ocean, and who wings the storms,
Pours fierce ambition in a Cesar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?
From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning springs;
Account for moral, as for nat'ral things:
Why charge we Heav'n in those, in these acquit?
In both, to reason right, is to submit.
Better for us, perhaps it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never passion discompos'd the mind;
But all subsists by elemental strife;
And passions are the elements of life.
The gen'ral order, since the whole began,
Is kept in nature, and is kept in man.

VI. What would this man? now upward will he soar
And little less than angel, would be more;

Now looking downward, just as griev'd appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the pow'rs of all?
Nature to these, without profusion kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd;
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here, with degrees of swiftness, there, of force;
All in exact proportion to the state;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own;
Is heaven unkind to man, and man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bless'd with all?
The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
Is, not to act or think beyond mankind;
No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason—man is not a fly.
Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at every pore?
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that Heav'n had left him still
The whispering zephyr, and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,

Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far as creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends:
Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain and the lynx's beam:
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green:
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood!
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true,
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew!
How instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,
Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that and reason, what a nice barrier!
For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and reflection how ally'd!
What thin partitions sense from thought divide!
And middle natures how they long to join,
Yet never pass'd th' insuperable line!
Without this just gradation, could they be
Subjected these to those, or all to thee?
The powers of all subdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy reason all these powers in one?

VIII. See through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!

Vast chain of being! which from God began,
Nature's ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect! what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from infinite to thee;
From thee to nothing—On superior pow'rs
Were we to press, inferior might on ours
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'
From nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.
And if each system in gradation roll,
Alike essential to the amazing whole;
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall.
Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And nature tremble, to the throne of God:
All this dread order break—For whom? For thee
Vile worm! O madness! pride! impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another in this gen'ral frame:
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains
The great directing *Mind of all* ordains.
All are but parts of one stupendous whole,

Whose body nature is, and God the soul;
That, chang'd through all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent;
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him, no high, no low, no great, no small:
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

X. Cease then, nor *order* imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony, not understood:
All partial evil, universal good:
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, *Whatever is, is right.*

EPISTLE II.

I. KNOW then thyself, presume not God to scan!
The proper study of mankind is man.
Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the sceptic's side,
With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
He hangs between: in doubt to act or rest;
In doubts to deem himself a god or beast;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer,
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little or too much:
Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd;
Still by himself abus'd or disabus'd;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd;
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!

Go, wondrous creature! mount where science guides,
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and taste the tides;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old time, and regulate the sun;
Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod,
And quitting sense, call imitating God;
As eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—

Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!
  Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And show'd a *Newton* as we show an ape.
  Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his mind?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?
Alas, what wonder! man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art:
But when his own great work is but begun,
What reason weaves, by passion is undone.
  Trace science, then, with modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of pride;
Deduct what is but vanity, or dress,
Or learning's luxury, or idleness;
Or tricks to show the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
Of all our vices have created arts:
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come!
  II. Two principles in human nature reign;
Self-love to urge, and reason to restrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation still,
Ascribe all good; to their improper, ill.
  Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.

Man, out for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end;
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate and rot;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless through the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.
Most strength the moving principle requires;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise.
Self-love still stronger, as its object's nigh;
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie:
That sees immediate good by present sense;
Reason, the future, and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng;
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
The action of the stronger to suspend,
Reason still use, to reason still attend:
Attention, habit and experience gains,
Each strengthens reason, and self-love restrains.

Let subtle school-men teach these friends to fig
More studious to divide than to unite;
And grace and virtue, sense and reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit.
Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
Self-love and reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire:
But greedy that, its object would devour,
This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r:
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,

Our greatest evil or our greatest good.

III. Modes of self-love the passions we may call;
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all;
But since not ev'ry good we can divide,
And reason bids us for our own provide,
Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,
List under reason, and deserve her care;
Those, that imparted, court a noble aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name.
In lazy apathy let stoics boast
Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fixed as in a frost;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest;
The rising tempest puts in act the soul,
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.
Passions, like elements, though born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite:
These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what composes man, can man destroy:
Suffice that reason keep to nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, hope and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, fear and grief, the family of pain;
These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind:
The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes,
And when in act they cease, in prospect rise:
Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On diff'rent senses diff'rent objects strike;
Hence different passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak, the organs of the frame:
And hence one master passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength;
So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's disease its ruling passion came:
Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this in body and in soul.
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, habit is its nurse;
Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r;
As heav'n's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.
We, wretched subjects, though to lawful sway,
In this weak queen, some fav'rite still obey.
Ah! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend;

A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
The choice we make, or justify it made;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong.
So, when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.
Yes, nature's road must ever be preferr'd:
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard:
'Tis her's to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe:
A mightier pow'r the strong direction sends,
And sev'ral men impels to sev'ral ends.
Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let pow'r, or knowledge, gold or glory please,
Or oft (more strong than all) the love of ease;
Through life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expense;
The merchant's toil, the sages indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find reason on their side.
Th' eternal art, educing good from ill,
Grafts on this passion our best principle:
'Tis thus the mercury of man is fix'd,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd;
The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
And in one int'rest body acts with mind.
As fruits ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear;
The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
Wild nature's vigour working at the root.

What crops of wit and honesty appear
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude supply;
Ev'n avarice, prudence; sloth, philosophy;
Lust, through some certain strainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind:
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave:
Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on pride, or grow on shame.
[3] Thus nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd;
Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery soul abhorr'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine.
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

VI. This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
What shall divide? The God within the mind.
Extremes in nature equal ends produce,
In man they join to some mysterious use;
Though each by turns the other's bounds invade,
As in some well-wrought picture, light and shade:
And oft so mixt, the diff'rence is too nice
Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice.
Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That vice or virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;

'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.

V. Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed;
Ask where's the North? at York, 'tis on the Tweed:
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the first degree,
But thinks his neighbour farther gone than he
Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.

VI. Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise,
And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill,
For, vice or virtue, self directs it still;
Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal;
But Heav'n's great view is one, and that the whole:
That counter-works each folly and caprice;
That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice:
That happy frailties to all ranks apply'd,
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:
That virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise;

And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.
Heav'n, forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common int'rest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here:
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign:
Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.
Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,
The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chymist in his golden views
Supremely blest, the poet in his muse.
See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend;
See some fit passion ev'ry age supply,
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.
Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,

A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage;
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before;
Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er!
Meanwhile opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happiness by hope supply'd;
And each vacuity of sense by pride:
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy;
One prospect lost, another still we gain;
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain;
Ev'n mean self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
See! and confess one comfort still must rise;
'Tis this, though man's a fool, yet *God is wise.*

EPISTLE III.

HERE then we rest: "The universal cause
"Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madness of superfluous health,
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day;
But most be present, if we preach or pray.

I. Look round our world; behold the chain of love
Combining all below and all above.
See plastic nature working to this end,

The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted too, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
See matter next, with various life endu'd,
Press to one centre still, the gen'ral good.
See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again:
All forms that perish other forms supply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die;)
Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
Nothing is foreign; parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preserving soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least;
Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast;
All serv'd, all serving: nothing stands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.
  Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spread the flow'ry lawn.
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own, and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
The birds of heaven shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer:

The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.
Know, nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"
"See man for mine?" replies a pamper'd goose:
And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.
Grant that the pow'rful still the weak control,
Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole:
Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods;
For some his int'rest prompts him to provide,
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride:
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
The extensive blessing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage saves:
Nay, feasts the animal, he dooms his feast,
And, till he ends the being, makes it blest;
Which sees no more the stroke, nor feels the pain,
Than favour'd man by touch ethereal slain:
The creature had his feast of life before;
Thou too must perish when thy feast is o'er.
To each unthinking being, Heav'n, a friend,

Gives not the useless knowledge of its end;
To man imparts it; but with such a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
Great standing miracle! that Heav'n assign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether with reason, or with instinct blest,
Know, all enjoy that power which suits them best:
To bliss alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportioned to their end.
Say, where full instinct is th' unerring guide,
What pope or council can they need beside?
Reason, however able, cool at best,
Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,
Stays till we call, and then not often near!
But honest instinct comes a volunteer;
Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit,
While still too wide or short is human wit;
Sure by quick nature happiness to gain,
Which heavier reason labours at in vain.
This too serves always, Reason never long;
One must go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing pow'rs,
One in their nature, which are two in our's;
And reason raise o'er instinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, and that 'tis man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison, and to choose their food?
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?

ade the spider parallels design,
De Moivre, without rule or line?
l the stork, Columbus-like, explore
not his own, and worlds unknown before?
lls the council, states the certain day?
·ms the phalanx, and who points the way?
lod, in the nature of each being, founds
er bliss, and sets its proper bounds:
he fram'd the whole, the whole to bless,
ıal wants built mutual happiness:
the first, eternal order ran,
ature link'd to creature, man to man.
:r of life all-quick'ning ether keeps,
thes through air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
s profuse on earth, one nature feeds
al flame, and swells the genial seeds.
ı alone, but all that roam the wood,
· the sky, or roll along the flood,
ves itself, but not itself alone,
x desires alike, till two are one.
s the pleasure with the fierce embrace;
ve themselves, a third time, in their race.
:ast and bird their common charge attend,
thers nurse it, and the sires defend;
ıng dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
tops the instinct, and there ends the care;
k dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
· love succeeds, another race.
r care man's helpless kind demands;
nger care contracts more lasting bands:
on, reason, still the ties improve,

At once extend the int'rest and the love;
With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn;
Each virtue in each passion takes its turn;
And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another rose,
These nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual those:
The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect man,
Saw helpless him from whom their life began:
Mem'ry and forecast just returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
While pleasure, gratitude, and hope combin'd,
Still spread the int'rest, and preserv'd the kind.

IV. Nor think, in nature's state they blindly trod;
The state of nature was the reign of God:
Self-love and social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of man.
Pride then was not; nor arts, that pride to aid:
Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade;
The same his table, and the same his bed;
No murder cloth'd him, and no murder fed.
In the same temple, the resounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest:
Heaven's attribute was universal care,
And man's prerogative, to rule, but spare.
Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live, the butcher, and the tomb;
Who, foe to nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their species, and betrays his own.

But just disease to luxury succeeds,
And every death its own avenger breeds;
The fury passions from that blood began,
And turn'd on man a fiercer savage, man.

See him from nature rising slow to art!
To copy instinct then was reason's part;
Thus then to man the voice of nature spake—
"Go, from the creatures thy instruction take:
"Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
"Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;
"Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
"Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave:
"Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
"Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
"Here too all forms of social union find,
"And hence let reason, late, instruct mankind:
"Here subterranean works and cities see;
"There towns aerial on the waving tree.
"Learn each small people's genius, policies,
"The ant's republic, and the realm of bees;
"How those in common all their wealth bestow,
"And anarchy without confusion know;
"And these for ever, though a monarch reign,
"Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.
"Mark what unvary'd laws preserves each state,
"Laws wise as nature, and as fix'd as fate.
"In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,
"Entangle justice in her net of law,
"And right, too rigid, harden into wrong;
"Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
"Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,

"Thus let the wiser make the rest obey:
"And for those arts mere instinct could afford,
"Be crown'd as monarchs, or as gods ador'd."

V. Great Nature spoke; observant man obey'd;
Cities were built, societies were made:
Here rose one little state; another near
Grew by like means, and join'd through love or fear.
Did here the trees with ruddier burthens bend,
And there the streams in purer rills descend?
What war could ravish, commerce could bestow,
And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
Converse and love, mankind might strongly draw,
When love was liberty, and nature law.
Thus states were form'd; the name of king unknown
Till common int'rest plac'd the sway in one.
'Twas *virtue only* (or in arts or arms,
Diffusing blessings, or averting harms,)
The same which in a sire the sons obey'd,
A prince the father of a people made.

VI. Till then, by nature crown'd, each patriarch sat
King, priest, and parent, of his growing state:
On him, their second providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, control the flood,
Draw forth the monsters of th' abyss profound,
Or fetch the aerial eagle to the ground;
Till drooping, sick'ning, dying, they began
Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as man:
Then, looking up from sire to sire, explor'd
One great first Father, and that first ador'd.

Or plain tradition, that this All begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from sire to son;
The worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple reason never sought but one:
Ere wit oblique had broke that steady light,
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right:
To virtue, in the paths of pleasure trod,
And own'd a father when he own'd a God.
Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then;
For nature knew no right divine in men:
No ill could fear in God; and understood
A sovereign being, but a sovereign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran,
That was but love of God, and this of man.
Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counter-work its cause?
Force first made conquest, and that conquest, law;
Till superstition taught the tyrant awe.
Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conqu'rors, slaves of subjects made:
She, 'midst the lightning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To power unseen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth, and bursting skies,
Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise;
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes;
Fear made her devils, and weak hope her gods;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,

Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust;
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide,
And hell was built on spite, and heav'n on pride.
Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more,
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then first the Flamen tasted living food;
Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood,
With heav'n's own thunder shook the world below,
And play'd the god an engine on his foe.

So drives self-love, through just, and through unjust
To one man's power, ambition, lucre, lust:
The same self-love, in all, becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, government and laws.
For, what one likes, if others like as well,
What serves one will, when many wills rebel,
How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake,
A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?
His safety must his liberty restrain:
All join to guard what each desires to gain.
Forc'd into virtue thus, by self-defence,
E'en kings learn'd justice and benevolence:
Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then the studious head, or gen'rous mind,
Follower of God, or friend of human kind,
Poet or patriot, rose but to restore
The faith and moral nature gave before;
Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew:

Taught power's due use to people and to kings,
Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings,
The less, or greater, set so justly true,
That touching one must strike the other too;
Till jarring int'rests of themselves create
Th' according music of a well mix'd state.
Such is the world's great harmony, that springs
From order, union, full consent of things:
Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made
To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade;
More powerful each as needful to the rest,
And, in proportion as it blesses, blest;
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or king.
  For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best:
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right:
In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity:
All must be false that thwarts this one great end,
And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend.
Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives;
The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the sun;
So two consistent motions act the soul;
And one regards itself, and one the whole.
  Thus God and nature link'd the general frame,
And bade self-love and social be the same.

EPISTLE IV.

O Happiness! our being's end and aim;
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name:
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise,
Plant of celestial seed; if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair op'ning to some courts propitious shine,
Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows?—where grows it not?—if vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis nowhere to be found, or ev'ry where
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And, fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with thee.
Ask of the learn'd the way? The learn'd are blind;
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these;
Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
Some, swell'd to gods, confess e'en virtue vain;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in every thing, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, That happiness is happiness?

Take Nature's path, and mad Opinions leave:
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And, mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense, and common ease.

Remember, man, "the Universal Cause
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
And makes what happiness we justly call,
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind:
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit, rests self-satisfied;
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.

ORDER is Heaven's first law; and this confest,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness;
But mutual wants this happiness increase;
All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king.
In who obtain defence, or who defend,

In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heaven breathes through ev'ry member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul.
But fortune's gifts, if each alike possest,
And each were equal, must not all contest?
If then to all men happiness were meant,
God in externals could not place content.
Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,
While those are plac'd in hope, and these in fear
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better, or of worse.
O sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies?
Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.
Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, health, peace and competence.
But health consists with temperance alone;
And peace, O virtue! peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or right?
Or vice or virtue, whether blest or curst,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
Count all th' advantage prosperous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains:

And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want, which is to pass for good.
O blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below
Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue wo!
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
But fools, the good alone, unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See *Falkland* dies, the virtuous and the just!
See goodlike *Turenne* prostrate on the dust!
See *Sidney* bleeds amid the martial strife!
Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?
Say, was it virtue, more though Heav'n ne'er gave,
Lamented *Digby!* sunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if virtue made the son expire,
Why, full of days and honour, lives the sire?
Why drew Marscilles' good bishop purer breath,
When nature sicken'd, and each gale was death?
Or why so long (in life if long can be)
Lent Heaven a parent to the poor and me?
What makes all physical or moral ill?
There deviates nature, and here wanders will,
God sends not ill, if rightly understood,
Or partial ill is universal good,
Or change admits, or nature lets it fall,
Short, and but rare, till man improv'd it all.
We just as wisely might of heav'n complain
That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,
As that the virtuous son is ill at ease
When his lewd father gave the dire disease.
Think we, like some weak prince, th' Eternal Cause,

Shall burning Etna, if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
On air or sea new motions be imprest,
O blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?
When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?

V. But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better shall we have?
A kingdom of the just then let it be:
But first consider how those just agree.
The good must merit God's peculiar care;
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin Heaven's own spirit fell,
Another deems him instrument of hell;
If Calvin feel Heaven's blessing, or its rod,
This cries, there is, and that, there is no God.
What shocks one part will edify the rest,
Nor with one system can they all be blest;
The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.

"Whatever is, is right."—This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too:
And which more blest? Who chain'd his country, say,
Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day?

"But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed."
What then? Is the reward of virtue bread?
That, vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil.
The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,

Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
"No: shall the good want health, the good want power?"
Add health and power, and ev'ry earthly thing;
"Why bounded pow'r? why private? why no king?
"Nay, why external for internal giv'n?
"Why is not man a God and earth a heav'n?"
Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give;
Immense the pow'r, immense were the demand;
Say, at what part of nature will they stand?
What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is virtue's prize: a better would you fix?
Then give humility a coach and six,
Justice a conqu'ror's sword, or truth a gown,
Or public spirit, its great cure, a crown.
Weak, foolish man! will Heav'n reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life,
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;
As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
As toys and empires for a godlike mind.
Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing;
How oft by these at sixty are undone
The virtues of a saint at twenty-one.

To whom can riches give repute, or trust,
Content or pleasure, but the good and just?
Judges and senates have been bought for gold;
Esteem and love were never to be sold.
O fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human kind,
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.

Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in men has some small diff'rence made,
One flaunt in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?
I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow:
The rest is all but leather or prunello.

Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with strings,
That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your fathers' worth if your's you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood.
Go! and pretend your family is young!
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?

Alas! not all the blood of all the *Howards*.
Look next on greatness; say where greatness lies?
"Where, but among the heroes and the wise!"
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find
Or make an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
No less alike the politic and wise;
All sly-slow things, with circumspective eyes:
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great:
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.
What's fame? a fancy'd life in others' breath,
A thing beyond us, e'en before our death.
Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
The same (my Lord) if Tully's or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;
To all beside as much an empty shade
An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead;
Alike or when, or where they shone or shine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.

A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As justice tears his body from the grave;
When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.
  In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all others' faults, and feel our own;
Condemn'd in business or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge:
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.
  Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
Make fair deductions; see to what they 'mount:
How much of other each is sure to cost
How each for other oft is wholly lost;
How inconsistent greater goods with these;
How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease:
Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
Say would'st thou be the man to whom they fall?
To sing for ribands if thou art so silly,

Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:
Or, ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell damn'd to everlasting fame!
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient story, learn to scorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
See the false scale of happiness complete!
In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
How happy those to ruin, these betray.
Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
From dirt and sea-weed, as proud Venice rose;
In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
And all that rais'd the hero, sunk the man;
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But stain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold:
Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
O wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame:
What greater bliss attends their close of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophy'd arches, story'd halls invade,
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,

A tale, that blends their glory with their shame!
Know then this truth (enough for man to know)
"Virtue alone is happiness below."
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequall'd, if its end it gain,
And if it lose, attended with no pain:
Without satiety, though e'er so bless'd,
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:
The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated, while one man's oppress'd;
Never dejected, while another's bless'd,
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more virtue is to gain.
See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow!
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss, the good untaught will find;
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God:
Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,
Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees, that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below;
Learns, from this union of the rising whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul;

And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end, in *Love of God*, and *Love of Man*.
For him alone, hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul;
Till lengthen'd on to faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees, why nature plants in man alone
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown:
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find)
Wise is her present; she connects in this
His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss;
At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
And strongest motives to assist the rest.
Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for thy boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part;
Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss but height of charity.
God loves from whole to parts; but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace,
His country next, and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, the o'erflowings of the mind

Take every creature in, of every kind;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast.
Come then, my friend, my genius, come along,
O master of the poet, and the song!
And while the muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe;
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.
O! while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher and friend!
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art,
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For wit's false mirror held up nature's light;
Show'd erring pride, *whatever is, is right;*
That *reason, passion*, answer one great aim;
That true *self-love* and *social* are the same;
That *virtue* only makes our bliss below;
And all our knowledge is, *ourselves to know?*

THE

UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPTIMO MAXIMO.

FATHER of All! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood:
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And, binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives,
T' enjoy, is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span,
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe:

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
Or taught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's wo;
To hide the fault I see:
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;
O lead me, wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all being raise!
All nature's incense rise!

ODE ON SOLITUDE.*

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire:
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire.

Bless'd, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day;

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
Together mix'd; sweet recreation;
And innocence, which most does please,
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

* *This was a very early production of Mr. Pope, written when he was about twelve years old.*

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

ODE.*

I.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite!
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath!
Tell me, my soul, can this be Death?

III.

The world recedes! it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

* *This ode was written in imitation of the famous Sonnet of Hadrian to his departing soul. See Hadrian's Sonnet, let. 4, of Letters to and from Mr. Steele, &c. Vol.* iv.

NOTES.

Universal Prayer.] IT may be proper to observe, that some passages in the preceding Essay, having been unjustly suspected of a tendency towards fate or naturalism, the author composed this Prayer as the sum of all, to show that his system was founded in free-will, and terminated in piety; that the first cause was as well the Lord and Governor of the universe as the Creator of it; and that by submission to his will, (the great principle enforced throughout the Essay,) was not meant the suffering ourselves to be carried along by a blind determination, but the resting in a religious acquiescence, and confidence full of hope and immortality. To give all this the greater weight, the poet chose for his model the *Lord's Prayer*, which, of all others, best deserves the title prefixed to his paraphrase.

EPISTLE I.

Ver. 150. *Then nature deviates*, &c.] "While comets move in very eccentric orbs, in all manner of positions; blind Fate could never make all the planets move one and the same way in orbs concentric; some inconsiderable irregularities excepted, which may have risen from the mutual actions of comets and planets upon one another, and which will be apt to increase, till the system wants a reformation." *Sir Isaac Newton's Optics, quest. ult.*

Ver. 182. *Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force.*] It is a certain axiom in the anatomy of creatures, that, in proportion as they are formed for strength, their swiftness

is lessened; or as they are formed for swiftness, their strength is abated.

Ver. 213. *The headlong lioness.*] The manner of the lions' hunting their prey in the deserts of Africa is this: At their first going out in the night-time, they set up a loud roar, and then listen to the noise made by the beasts in their flight, pursuing them by the ear, and not by the nostril. It is probable that the story of the jackal's hunting for the lion, was occasioned by observation of this defect of scent in that terrible animal.

EPISTLE II.

Ver. 204. *The God within the mind.*] A Platonic phrase for conscience; and here employed with great judgment and propriety. For conscience either signifies, speculatively the judgment we pass of things upon whatever principle we chance to have; and then it is only opinion, a very [illegible]able judge and divider. Or else it signifies, practically, the application of the eternal rule of right, (received by us as the law of God,) to the regulation of our actions; and then it is properly conscience, *the God*, (or the law of God,) *within the mind*, of power to divide the light from the darkness in this chaos of the passions.

Ver. 270.—*the poet in his muse.*] The author having said, that no one would change his profession or views for those of another, intended to carry his observation still further, and show that men were unwilling to exchange their own acquirements even for those of the same kind, confessedly larger, and infinitely more eminent in another. To this end he wrote,

> What partly pleases, totally will shock,
> I question much, if *Tolland* would be *Locke*.

But wanting another proper instance of this truth, when he published his last edition of the Essay, he reserved the lines above for some following one.

EPISTLE III.

Ver. 68. *Than favour'd man by touch ethereal slain.*] Several of the ancients, and many of the orientals since, esteemed those who were struck by lightning as sacred persons, and the particular favourites of heaven.

Ver. 173. *Learn from the birds, what food,* &c.] It is a caution commonly practised among navigators, when thrown upon a desert coast, and in want of refreshment, to observe what fruits have been touched by the birds; and to venture on these without further hesitation.

Ver. 174. *Learn from the beasts,* &c.] See Pliny's Nat. Hist. l. viii. c. 27, where several instances are given of animals discovering the medicinal efficacy of herbs, by their own use of them; and pointing out to some operations in the art of healing, by their own practice.

Ver. 177. *Learn of the little nautilus.*] Oppian Halieut. l. i. describes this fish in the following manner: "They swim on the surface of the sea, on the back of their shells, which exactly resemble the hulk of a ship; they raise two feet like masts, and extend a membrane between, which serves as a sail; the other two feet they employ as oars at the side. They are usually seen in the Mediterranean."

Ver. 283. *'Twas then the studious head,* &c.] The poet seemeth here to mean the polite and flourishing age of Greece: and those benefactors to mankind, which he had principally in view, were Socrates and Aristotle; who, of

all the pagan world, spoke best of God, and wrote b
government.

Ver. 303. *For forms of government let fools co*
The author of these lines was far from meaning th
one form of government is, in itself, better than an
(as, that mixed or limited monarchy, for example,
preferable to absolute,) but that no form of govern
however excellent or preferable in itself, can be suf
to make a people happy, unless it be administered wi
tegrity. On the contrary, the best sort of govern
when the *form* of it is preserved, and the *administ*
corrupt, is most dangerous.

EPISTLE IV.

Ver. 6. *O'erlook'd, seen double.*] *O'erlook'd* by
who place happiness in any thing exclusive of virtue
double by those who admit any thing else to have a
with virtue in procuring happiness; these being th
general mistakes that this epistle is employed in confi

Ver. 100. *See* godlike *Turenne.*] This epithet
peculiar justness; the great man to whom it is a
not being distinguished from other generals, for any
superior qualities so much as for his providential c
those whom he led to war: which was so uncommon
his chief purpose in taking on himself the command
mies seems to have been the preservation of mankin
this *godlike* care he was more distinguishably emp
throughout the whole course of that famous campa
which he lost his life.

Ver. 110. *Lent heav'n a parent,* &c.] This la
stance of the poet's illustration of the ways of Provic
the reader sees, has a peculiar elegance; where a tr

iety to a parent is paid in a return of thanks to, and le subservient to his vindication of, the great Giver Father of all things. The mother of the author, a ion of great piety and charity, died the year this poem finished, viz. 1733.

er. 123. *Shall burning Etna*, &c.] Alluding to the of those two great naturalists, Empedocles and Pliny, both perished by too near an approach to Etna and uvius, while they were exploring the cause of their otions.

er. 193. *Honour and shame from no condition rise—well your part, there all the honour lies.*] What pow- ıen has fortune over the man? None at all; for as her ours can confer neither worth nor wisdom; so neither her displeasure cure him of any of his follies. On his o indeed she hath some little influence; but his heart remains the same.

Fortune in men has some small diff'rence made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade.

this *difference* extends no further than to the habit; pride of heart is the same, both in the *flaunter* and *terer*, as it is the poet's intention to insinuate by the use hose terms.

'er. 281, 283. *If parts allure thee——Or ravish'd with whistling of a name.*] These two instances are chosen h great judgment; the world, perhaps, doth not afford other such. Bacon discovered and laid down those ıciples, by whose assistance Newton was enabled to old the whole law of nature. He was no less eminent the creative power of his imagination, the brightness is conceptions, and the force of his expression: yet be-

ing legally convicted for bribery and corruption in the administration of justice, while he presided in the supreme court of equity, he endeavoured to repair his ruined fortunes by the most profligate flattery to the court: which, from his very first entrance into it, he had accustomed himself to practise with a prostitution that disgraceth the very profession of letters.

Cromwell seemeth to be distinguished in the most eminent manner, with regard to his abilities, from all other great and wicked men, who have overturned the liberties of their country. The times, in which others succeeded in this attempt, were such as saw the spirit of liberty suppressed and stifled, by a general luxury and venality; but Cromwell subdued his country, when this spirit was at its height, by a successful struggle against court oppression; and while it was conducted and supported by a set of the greatest geniuses for government the world ever saw embarked together in one common cause.

[As some passages in the *Essay on Man* have been suspected of favouring the schemes of *Leibnitz* and *Spinoza*, or, as Mr. Warburton says, in his note on the *Universal Prayer*, of a tendency towards *Fate* and *Naturalism*; it is thought proper here to insert the two following Letters, to show how ill-grounded such a suspicion is.—These letters are not in any London edition.

Mr. Pope *to the younger* Racine, *a celebrated French writer, occasioned by his animadversions on his* Essay on Man, *in a poem called* Religion.

London, Sept. 1, 1742.

Sir,

THE expectation in which I have been for some time past, of receiving the present you have honoured me with, was the occasion of my delaying so long to answer your letter. I am at length favoured with your poem upon *Religion*; and should have received from the perusal of it, a pleasure unmixed with pain, had I not the mortification to find, that you impute several principles to me,*

---

*The following lines, *cant.* 2. l. 92—97, are probably alluded to.

"*Sans doute qu'a ces mots, des bords de la Tamise*
Quelque abstrait raisonneur, qui ne se plaint de rien,
Dans son flegme Anglican repondra, Tout est bien.
Le grand Ordonnateur dont le dessein si sage,
De tant d'etres divers ne forme qu'un ouvrage,
Nous place a notre rang pour orner son tableau."

which I abhor and detest. My uneasiness met some alleviation from a passage in your preface, where you declare your inability, from a want of knowledge of the English language, to give your own judgment on the *Essay on Man*.† You add, that you do not controvert my tenets, but the evil consequences deducible from them, and the maxims which some persons of notable sagacity have imagined that they have discovered in my poem. This declaration is a shining proof of your candour, your discretion, and your charity. I must take leave to assure you, Sir, that your acquaintance with the original has not proved more fatal to me, than the imperfect conceptions of my translators, who have not sufficiently informed themselves of my real sentiments. The many additional embellishments, which my piece has received from the version of M. D. R——, have not done an honour to the *Essay on Man* equal to the prejudice it has suffered from his frequent misapprehension of the principles it inculcates. These mistakes, you will perceive, are totally refuted in the English piece, which I have transmitted to you. It is a

† M. Racine, in an advertisement perfixed to his answer to M. Rousseau's letter against the Free-thinkers, speaks thus: "N'ayant pas le bonheur de pouvoir lire dans l' original les ouvagres de M. Pope, le plus celebre poete que l' Angleterre ait aujourd' hui, je ne pretens pas attaquer ici ses veritables sentimens, dont je ne puis etre certain. Je ne pretens attaquer que ceux qui sont devenus si communs parmi nous depuis la lecture de son *Essai sur l' Homme*, dont les principes n'etant pas assez developes pour nous, sont cause que pluiseurs personnes croyent y turouver un system, qui n'est peut-etre pas celui de l' auteur."

critical and philosophic commentary, written by the learned author of the *Divine Legation of Moses*. I flatter myself that the Chevalier Ramsay will, from his zeal for truth, take the trouble to explain the contents of it. I shall then persuade myself, that your suspicions will be effaced, and I shall have no appeal from your candour and justice.

In the mean time, I shall not hesitate to declare myself very cordially, in regard to some particulars about which you have desired an answer.

I must avow then openly and sincerely, that my principles are diametrically opposite to the sentiments of Spinoza and Leibnitz; they are perfectly coincident with the tenets of M. Paschal, and the Archbishop of Cambray; and I shall always esteem it an honour to me, to imitate the moderation with which the latter submitted his private opinions to the decisions of the church of which he professed himself a member. I have the honour to be, &c.

A. POPE.

Mr. *Racine's* Answer to Mr. *Pope*.

Paris, Oct. 25, 1742.

Sir,

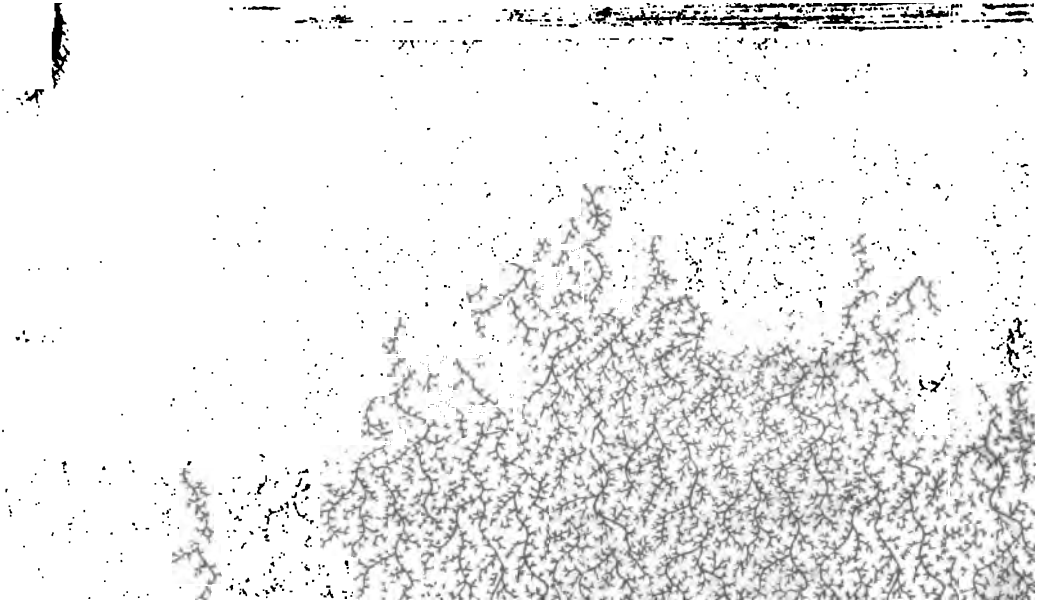
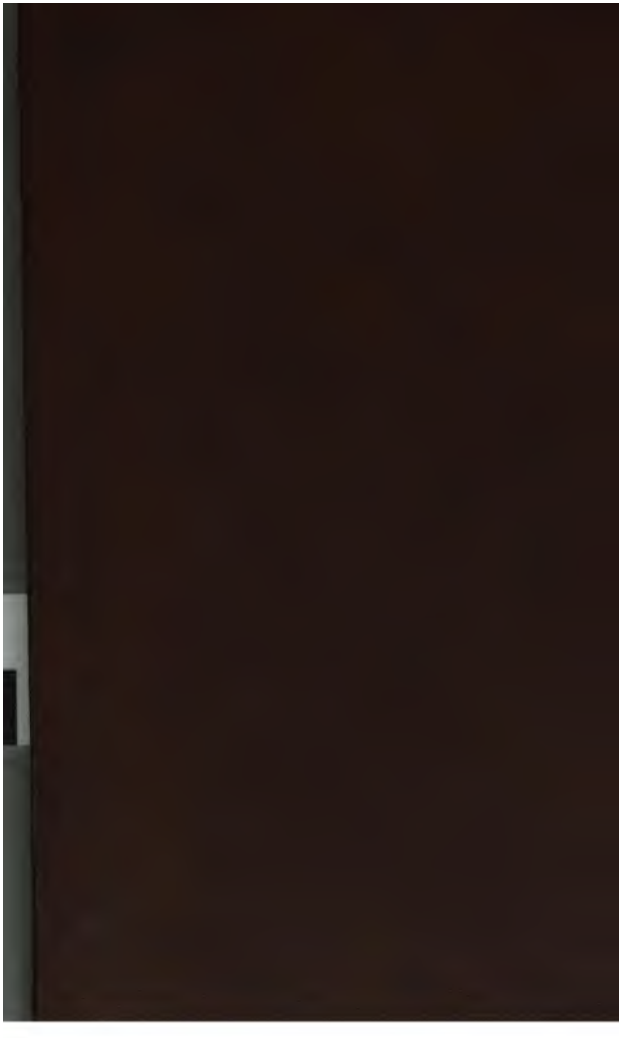
THE mildness and humility with which you justify yourself is a convincing proof of your religion; the more so, as you have done it to one on whom it is incumbent to make his own apology for his rash attack upon your cha-

racter. Your manner of pardoning me is the more delicate, as it is done without any mixture of reproach. But though you acquit me with so much politeness, I shall not so easily forgive myself.

Certain it is, a precipitance of zeal hurried me away. As I had often heard positions, said to be yours, or at least consequences resulting from your Essay, cited against certain truths, which I now find you respect as much as myself, I thought I had a right to enter the lists with you. The passage in my preface was extorted from me by a degree of remorse, which I felt in writing against you. This remorse, Sir, was awakened in me by the consideration that the greatest men are always the most susceptible of the truths of revelation. I was really grieved to think that Mr. Pope should oppose a religion, whose enemies have ever been contemptible; and it appeared strange, that in a work which points out the road to happiness, you should furnish arms to those who are industrious to misguide us in the research.

Your letter, at the same time that it does honour to your character, must bring a blush in my face, for having entertained unjust suspicions. But, notwithstanding this, I think myself obliged to make it public. The injury which I have done you was so, the reparation should be the same. I owe this to you, I owe it to myself, I owe it to justice.

Whatever may be said in your favour in the commentary you have sent me, it is now rendered unnecessary by your own declaration. The respect which you avow for the religion you profess, is a sufficient vindication of your

doctrine. I will add, that, for the future, those among us who shall feel the laudable ambition of making their poetry subservient to religion, ought to take you for their model; and it should ever be remembered, that the greatest poet in England is one of the humblest sons of the church.

I am, &c.